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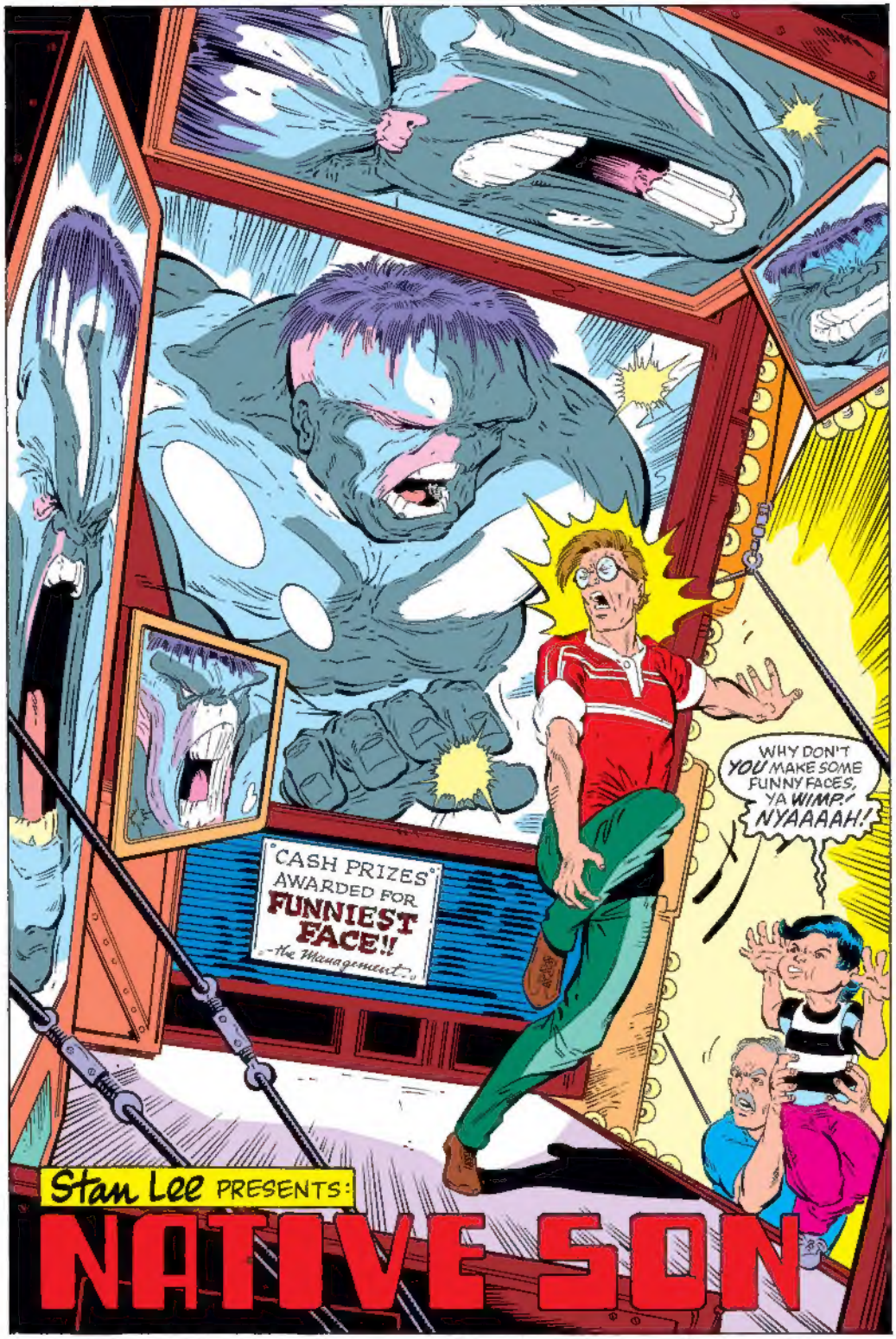
AUTHORITY

THE INCREDIBLE HULK®

GEIGER + McLEOD

CHILD ABUSE! CHILD ABUSE!
I SWEAR, NO FATHER SHOULD HAVE TO TAKE THIS KIND OF ABUSE FROM HIS CHILD. WHAT'S THE SCORE NOW, ALEX?
3500 TO 50.
UH-HUH. THAT'S IT FOR VIDEO GAMES, SQUIRT.
DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN GO TO THAT CARNIVAL THAT OPENED UP OUTSIDE OF TOWN?
MAYBE, TOMORROW, ALEX. I'VE GOT WORK TO DO NOW.
BUT, DAAAD...
I THINK I'LL CHANGE MY NAME TO "BUT DAD." I HEAR IT SO OFTEN.
CAN I AT LEAST COME DOWN TO WORK WITH YOU?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.
TEK
BY THE WAY, ALEX, YOU BEEN FEELING OKAY LATELY? YOU'VE BEEN SWEATING A LOT.
NEVER BETTER, DAD.
WOOOMF!

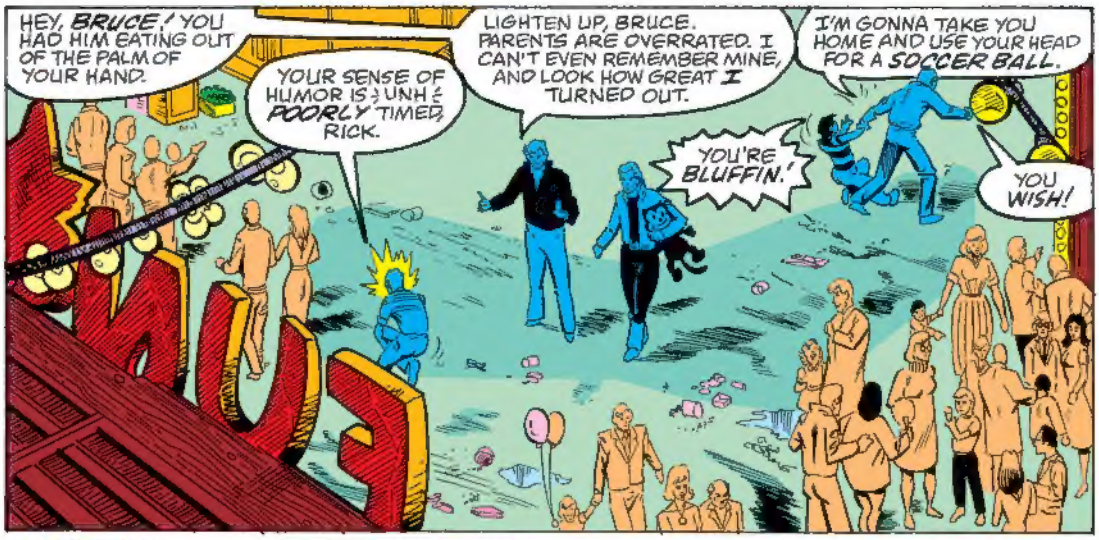
I WANNA GO TO THE FUNHOUSE NOW! SO THERE! NYAAAH!
SHUT UP, SPARKY! YOU'RE DROWNING OUT THE WHOLE CARNIVAL.
NOW GET DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT, YOUNG MAN, AND STOP STICKING YOUR TONGUE OUT!
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN...
FUNHOUSE 3 TICKETS
...YOU'RE GIVING YOUR FATHER THERE A PRETTY HARD TIME. AND PARENTS HAVE IT TOUGH ENOUGH...
...WITHOUT THEIR SONS THROWING TANTRUMS AND MAKING FUNNY FACES. SO COME ON... WHY DON'T YOU--
WHAM!



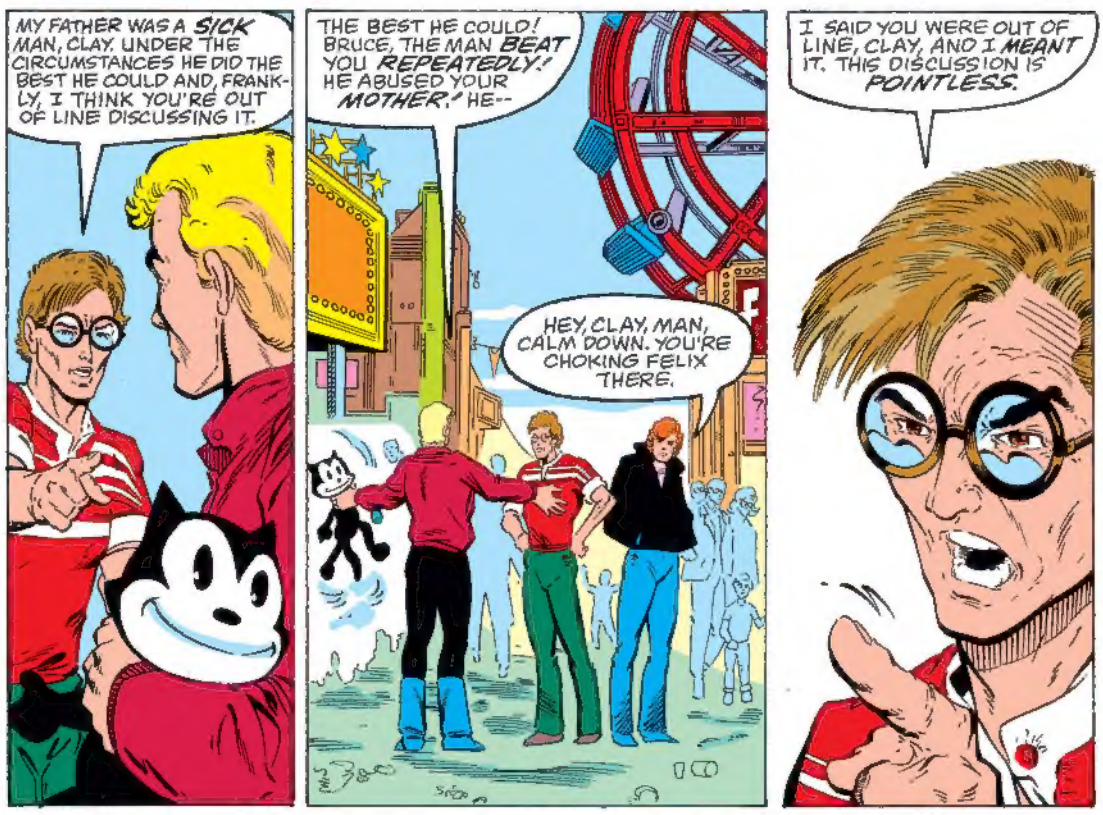
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

NATIVE SON

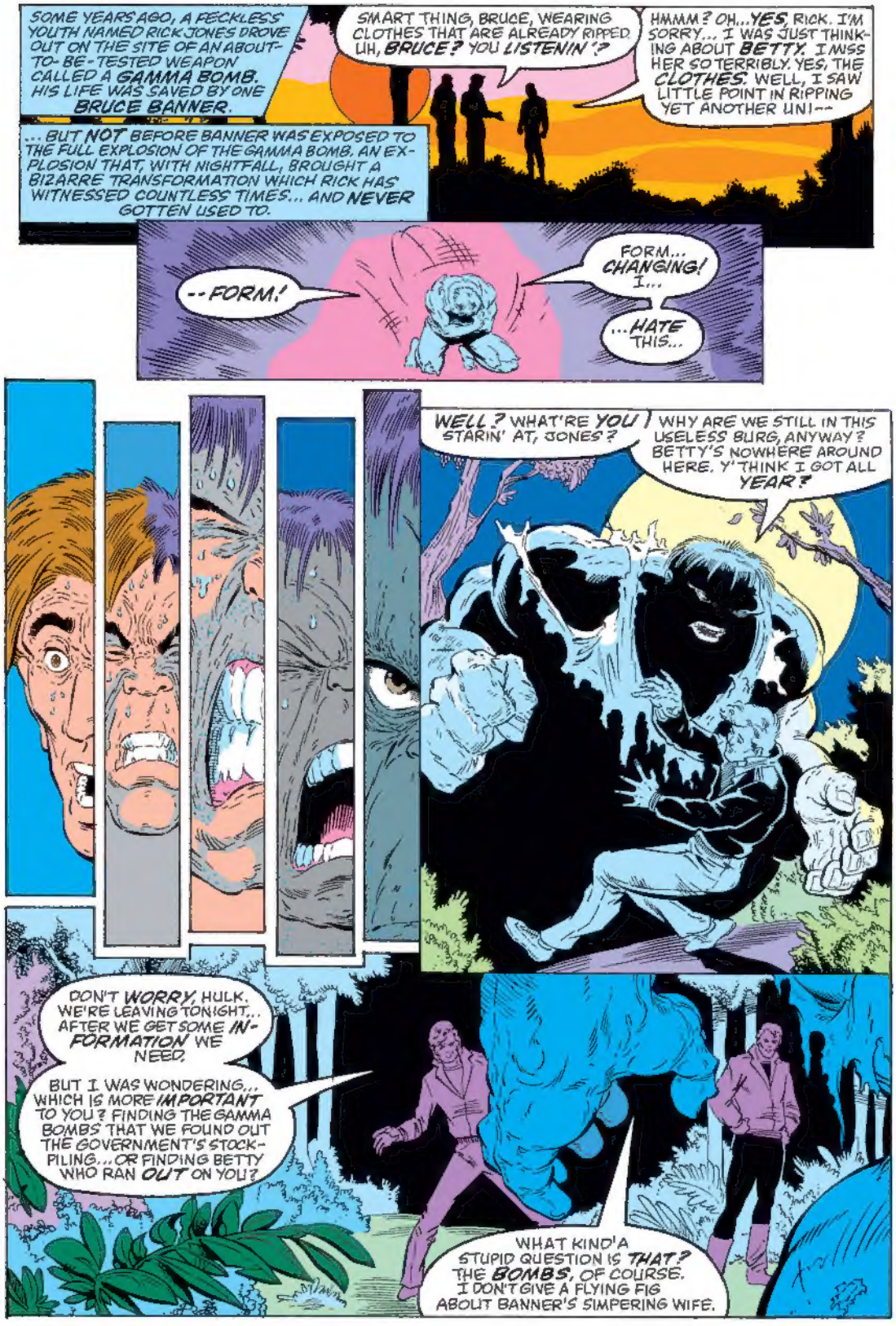
PETER	TODD	JIM	RICK	PETRA	BOB	TOM
DAVID	McFARLANE	SANDERS III	PARKER	SCOTESE	HARRAS	DEFALCO
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER	LETTERER	COLORIST	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF

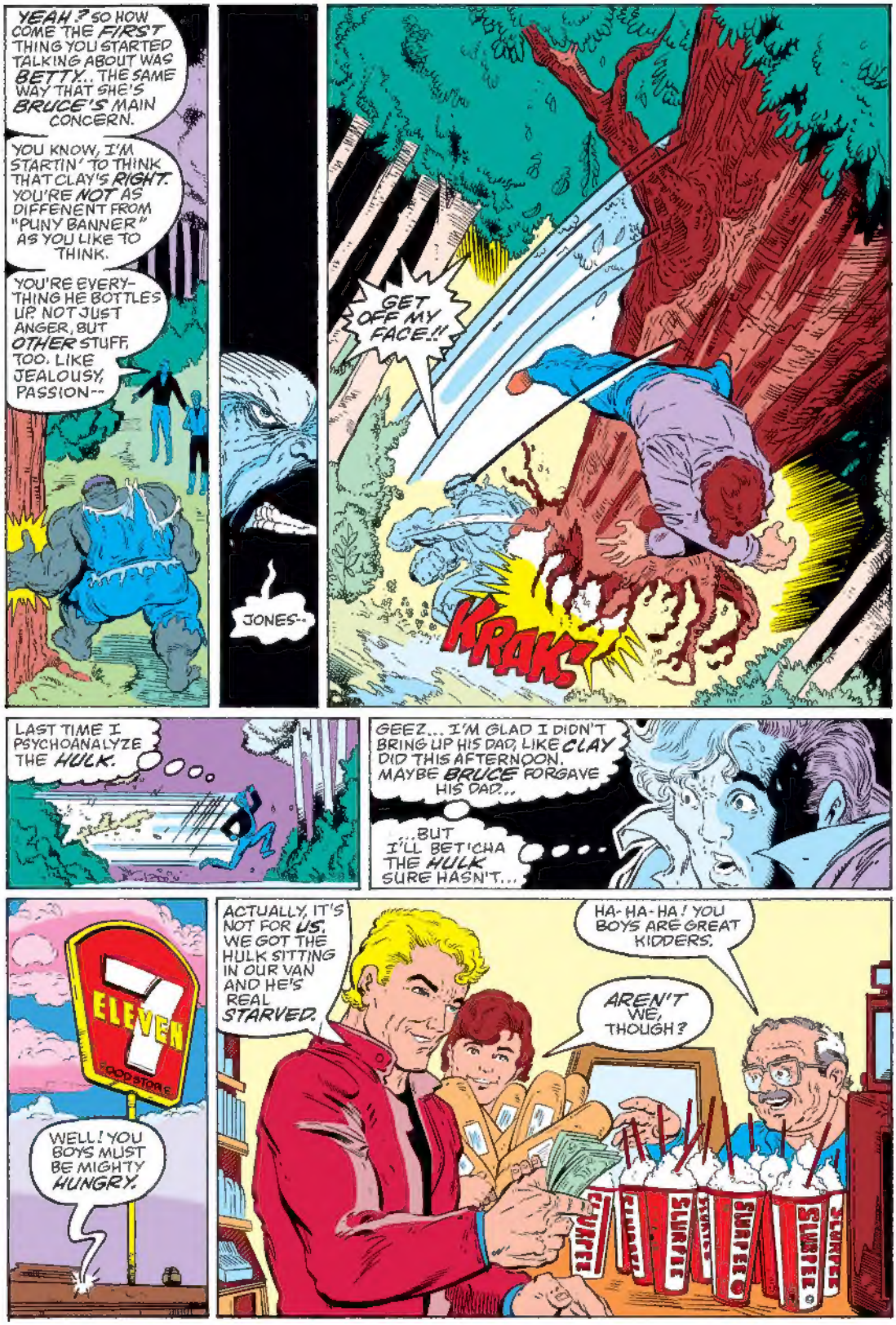

HEY, BRUCE! YOU HAD HIM EATING OUT OF THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.
YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS UNH POORLY TIMED, RICK.
LIGHTEN UP, BRUCE. PARENTS ARE OVERRATED. I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MINE, AND LOOK HOW GREAT I TURNED OUT.
YOU'RE BLUFFIN.'
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU HOME AND USE YOUR HEAD FOR A SOCCER BALL.
YOU WISH!

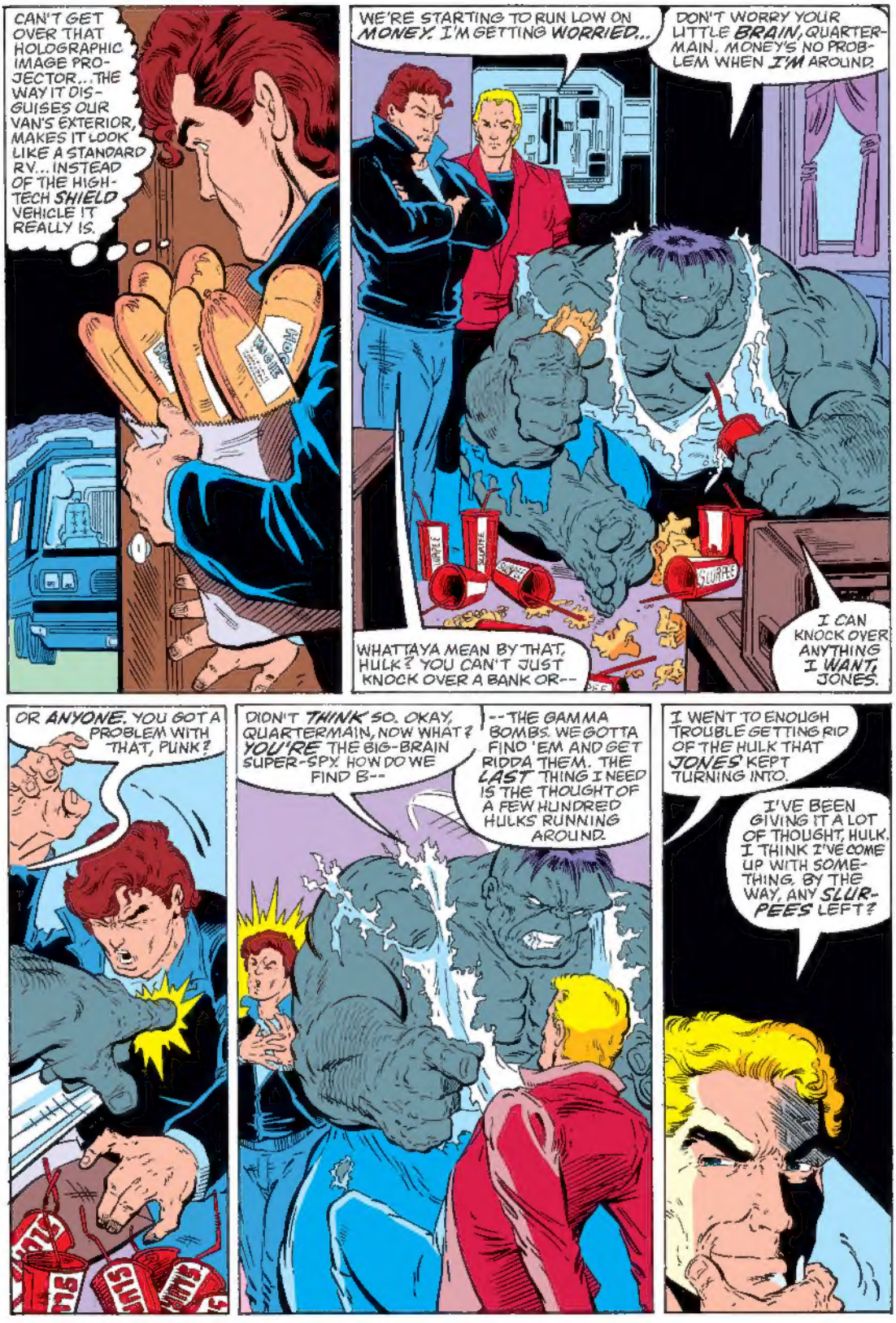
FRANKLY, BRUCE, I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU STICK UP SO VEHEMENTLY FOR FATHERS. SHIELDS RECORDS INDICATED THAT YOUR DAD WAS CERTAINLY NO PRIZE PACKAGE.

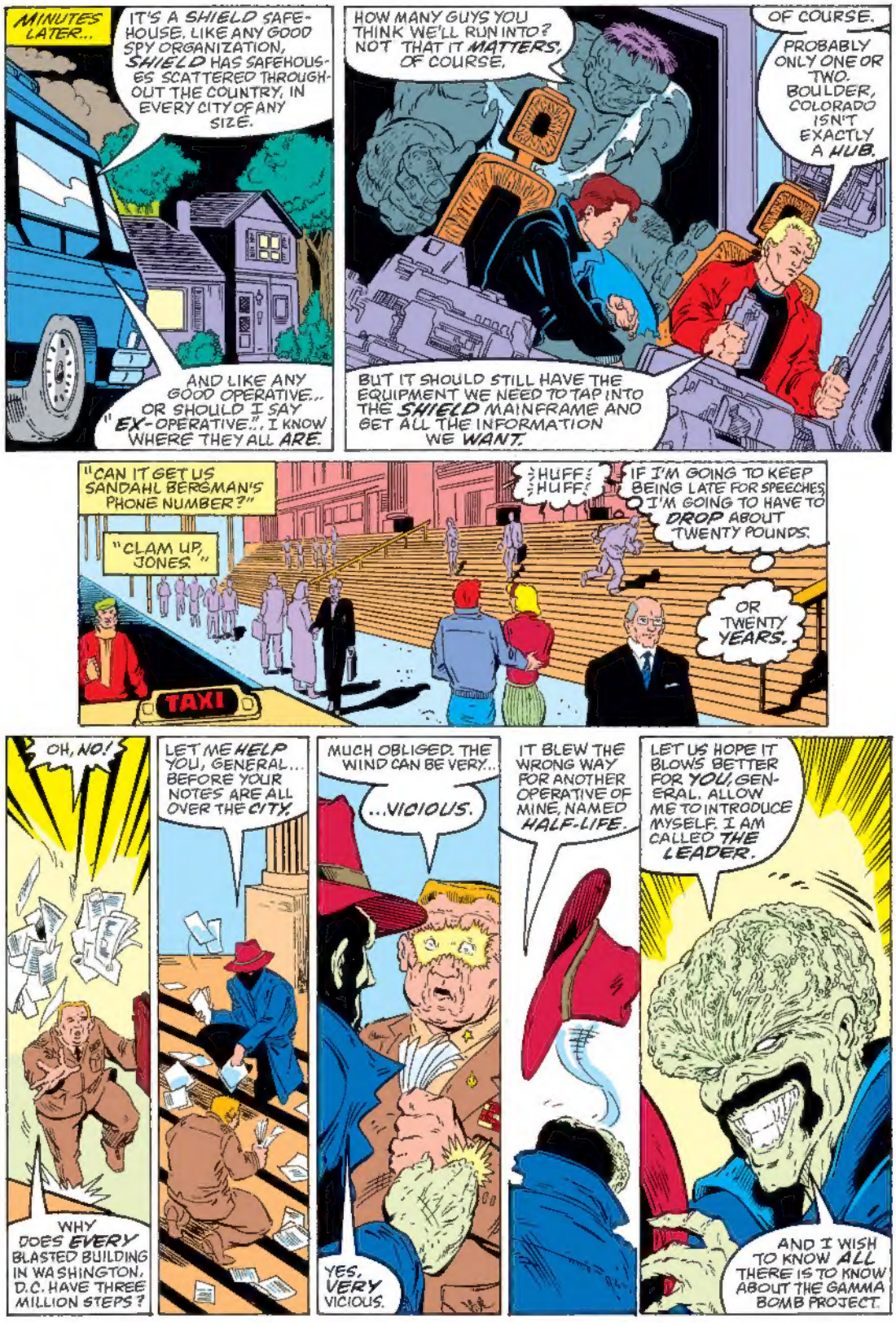

MY FATHER WAS A SICK MAN, CLAY. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES HE DID THE BEST HE COULD AND, FRANKLY, I THINK YOU'RE OUT OF LINE DISCUSSING IT.
THE BEST HE COULD! BRUCE, THE MAN BEAT YOU REPEATEDLY! HE ABUSED YOUR MOTHER!' HE--
HEY, CLAY, MAN, CALM DOWN. YOU'RE CHOKING FELIX THERE.
I SAID YOU WERE OUT OF LINE, CLAY, AND I MEANT IT. THIS DISCUSSION IS POINTLESS.

WHAT'S PAST IS PAST, AND THERE'S NO USE DWELLING ON IT. WHATEVER DEMONS DROVE MY FATHER WENT WITH HIM TO HIS GRAVE AND IT'S POINTLESS DREDGING THEM UP NOW.
I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE VAN. I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH "FUN" FOR ONE DAY.
MAYBE HIS FATHER'S DEMONS ARE GONE. BUT I THINK BRUCE BANNER'S FATHER GAVE BRUCE SOME DEMONS OF HIS OWN.
WHAT'RE YOU SAYIN', CLAY?
I'M SAYING THAT BRUCE BANNER WAS A VICTIM OF HIS VIOLENCE--AND MAYBE--JUST MAYBE--THE HULK IS A DIRECT RESULT OF THAT ABUSE.
Y'KNOW, CLAY IF YOU GET ANY DEEPER, YOU'LL BE A CRATER. WHERE'D'JA LEARN ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT BRUCE?
SHIELD FILES. THERE'S ALL SORTS OF VALUABLE INFORMATION THERE... AND MAYBE IT CAN HELP US.
WE'VE BEEN HERE IN BOULDER FOR THREE DAYS. IT'S CLEAR BRUCE'S WIFE, BETTY, AND HER "FRIEND," RAMON, AREN'T AROUND, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY--
--WE STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THE GAMMA BOMBS ARE BEING STOCKPILED.
WITH THAT WALLET I LIFTED, WE EAT OUT TONIGHT.
WELL?
YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD, BABE. DROP A FEW POUNDS, DID YA?
PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' AS GOOD AS VANNA THERE.
TERRIFIC. LOOK, RAMON, I'M FEELING SICK AGAIN.
WHAT'S WITH YOU, BETTY? YOU BEEN "SICK" EVER SINCE WE LEFT BOULDER. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
NOTHING A SHOWER CAN'T FIX.
FINE. HAVE A PARTY.
I'D LIKE TO BUY A VOWEL, PAT.


SOME YEARS AGO, A FECKLESS YOUTH NAMED RICK JONES DROVE OUT ON THE SITE OF AN ABOUT-TO-BE-TESTED WEAPON CALLED A GAMMA BOMB. HIS LIFE WAS SAVED BY ONE BRUCE BANNER.
SMART THING, BRUCE, WEARING CLOTHES THAT ARE ALREADY RIPPED. UH, BRUCE? YOU LISTENIN'?
HMMM? OH...YES, RICK. I'M SORRY... I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT BETTY. I MISS HER SO TERRIBLY. YES, THE CLOTHES. WELL, I SAW LITTLE POINT IN RIPPING YET ANOTHER UN!--
...BUT NOT BEFORE BANNER WAS EXPOSED TO THE FULL EXPLOSION OF THE GAMMA BOMB. AN EXPLOSION THAT, WITH NIGHTFALL, BROUGHT A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION WHICH RICK HAS WITNESSED COUNTLESS TIMES... AND NEVER GOTTEN USED TO.
--FORM!
FORM... CHANGING! I...
...HATE THIS...
WELL? WHAT'RE YOU STARIN' AT, JONES?
WHY ARE WE STILL IN THIS USELESS BURG, ANYWAY? BETTY'S NOWHERE AROUND HERE. Y' THINK I GOT ALL YEAR?
DON'T WORRY, HULK. WE'RE LEAVING TONIGHT... AFTER WE GET SOME IN-FORMATION WE NEED.
BUT I WAS WONDERING... WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU? FINDING THE GAMMA BOMBS THAT WE FOUND OUT THE GOVERNMENT'S STOCKPILING...OR FINDING BETTY WHO RAN OUT ON YOU?
WHAT KIND'A STUPID QUESTION IS THAT? THE BOMBS, OF COURSE. I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FIG ABOUT BANNER'S SIMPERING WIFE.

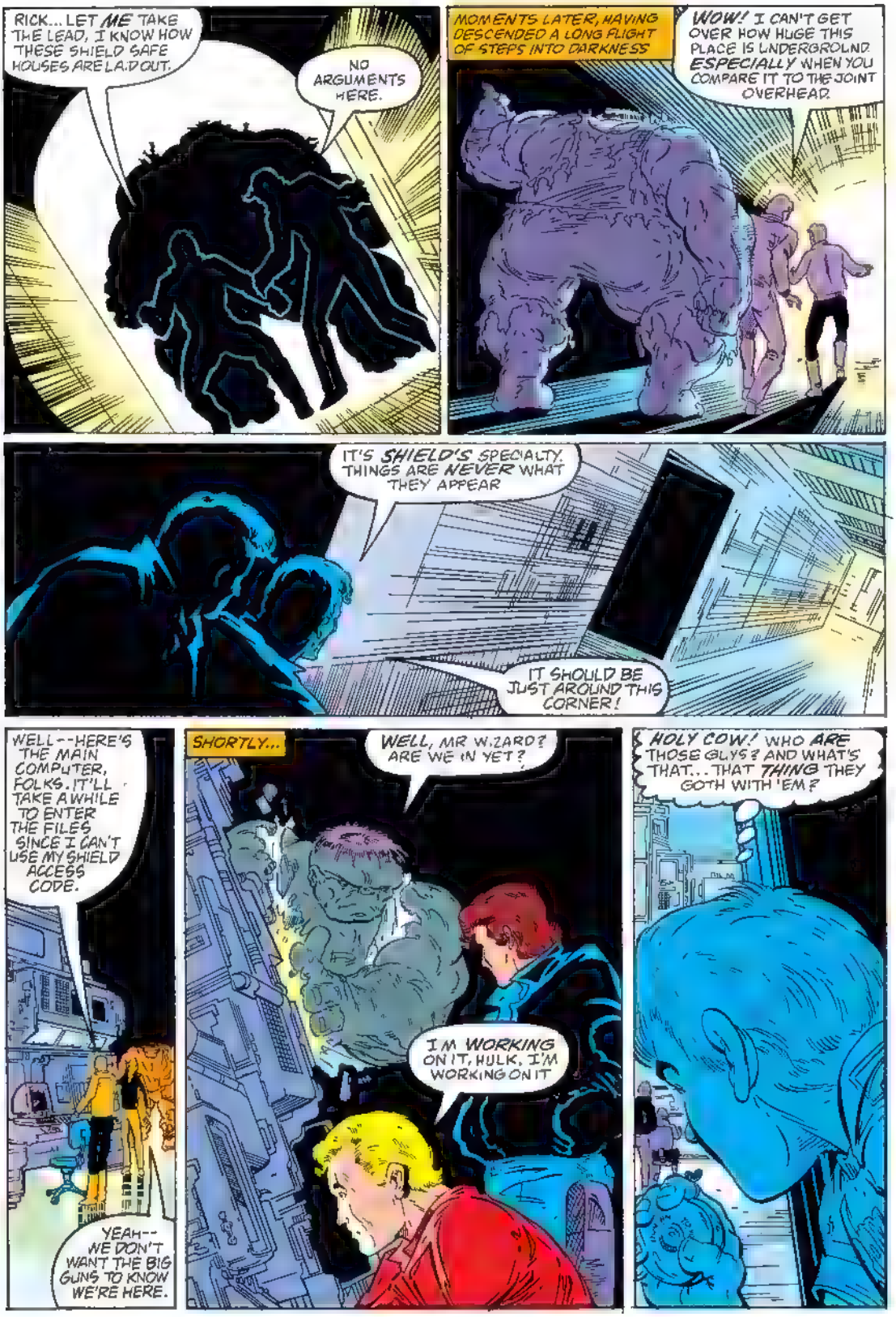

YEAH? SO HOW COME THE FIRST THING YOU STARTED TALKING ABOUT WAS BETTY... THE SAME WAY THAT SHE'S BRUCE'S MAIN CONCERN.
YOU KNOW, I'M STARTIN' TO THINK THAT CLAY'S RIGHT. YOU'RE NOT AS DIFFENENT FROM "PUNY BANNER" AS YOU LIKE TO THINK.
YOU'RE EVERY-THING HE BOTTLES UP. NOT JUST ANGER, BUT OTHER STUFF, TOO. LIKE JEALOUSY, PASSION--
JONES--
GET OFF MY FACE!!
KRAK
LAST TIME I PSYCHOANALYZE THE HULK.
GEEZ... I'M GLAD I DIDN'T BRING UP HIS DAD, LIKE CLAY DID THIS AFTERNOON. MAYBE BRUCE FORGAVE HIS DAD...
...BUT I'LL BET'CHA THE HULK SURE HASN'T...
ELEVEN
FOOD STORE
WELL! YOU BOYS MUST BE MIGHTY HUNGRY.
ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT FOR US. WE GOT THE HULK SITTING IN OUR VAN AND HE'S REAL STARVED.
HA-HA-HA! YOU BOYS ARE GREAT KIDDERS.
AREN'T WE, THOUGH?
SLURPEE

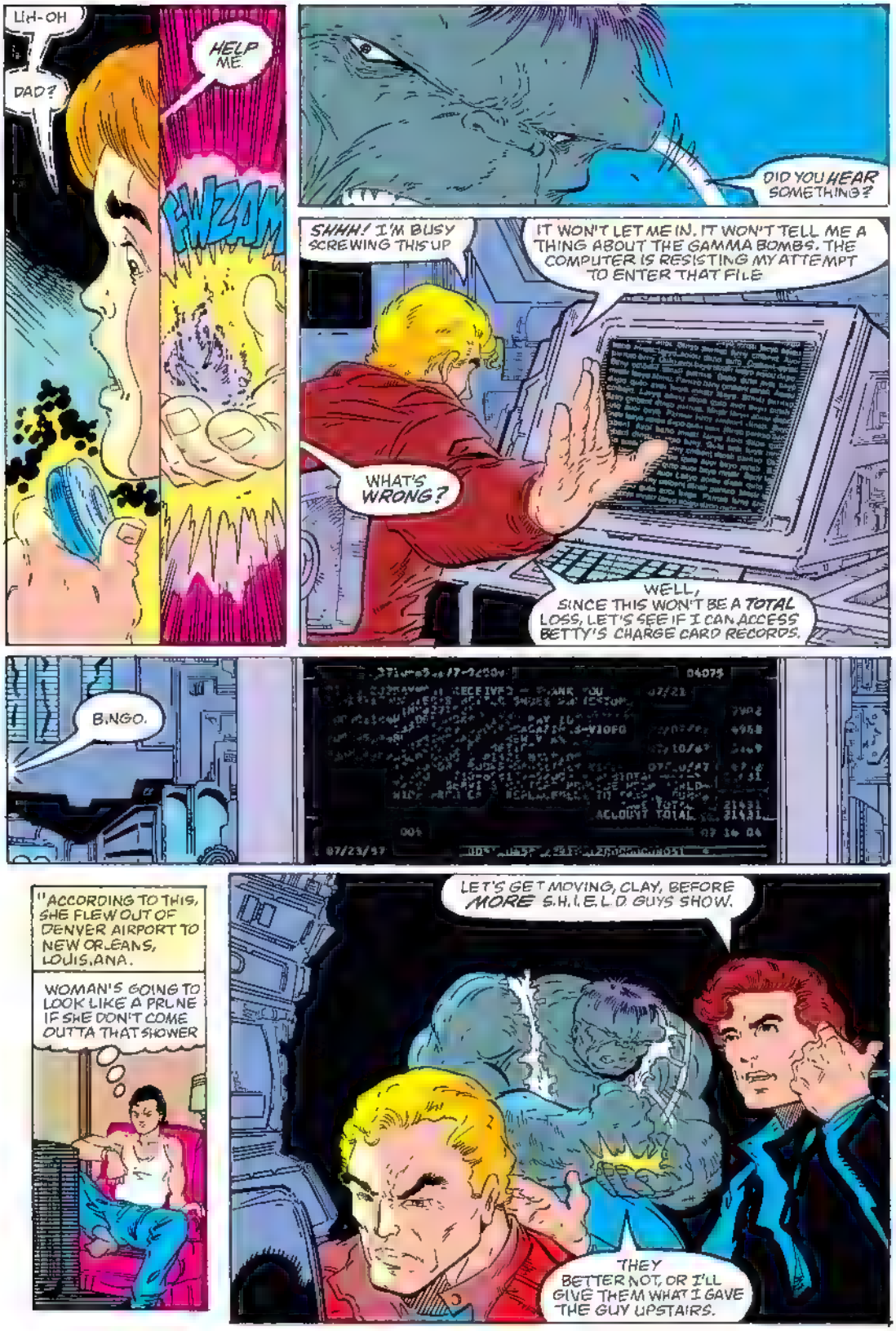

CAN'T GET OVER THAT HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE PROJECTOR... THE WAY IT DISGUISES OUR VAN'S EXTERIOR, MAKES IT LOOK LIKE A STANDARD RV... INSTEAD OF THE HIGH-TECH SHIELD VEHICLE IT REALLY IS.
WE'RE STARTING TO RUN LOW ON MONEY. I'M GETTING WORRIED...
DON'T WORRY YOUR LITTLE BRAIN, QUARTERMAIN. MONEY'S NO PROBLEM WHEN I'M AROUND.
I CAN KNOCK OVER ANYTHING I WANT, JONES.
WHATTAYA MEAN BY THAT, HULK? YOU CAN'T JUST KNOCK OVER A BANK OR--
OR ANYONE. YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT, PUNK?
DIDN'T THINK SO. OKAY, QUARTERMAIN, NOW WHAT? YOU'RE THE BIG-BRAIN SUPER-SPY. HOW DO WE FIND B--
--THE GAMMA BOMBS. WE GOTTA FIND 'EM AND GET RIDDA THEM. THE LAST THING I NEED IS THE THOUGHT OF A FEW HUNDRED HULKS RUNNING AROUND.
I WENT TO ENOUGH TROUBLE GETTING RID OF THE HULK THAT JONES' KEPT TURNING INTO.
I'VE BEEN GIVING IT A LOT OF THOUGHT, HULK. I THINK I'VE COME UP WITH SOMETHING. BY THE WAY, ANY SLURPEES LEFT?


MINUTES LATER...
IT'S A SHIELD SAFE-HOUSE. LIKE ANY GOOD SPY ORGANIZATION, SHIELD HAS SAFEHOUSES SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, IN EVERY CITY OF ANY SIZE.
AND LIKE ANY GOOD OPERATIVE... OR SHOULD I SAY "EX-OPERATIVE"... I KNOW WHERE THEY ALL ARE.
HOW MANY GUYS YOU THINK WE'LL RUN INTO? NOT THAT IT MATTERS, OF COURSE.
OF COURSE.
PROBABLY ONLY ONE OR TWO. BOULDER, COLORADO ISN'T EXACTLY A HUB.
BUT IT SHOULD STILL HAVE THE EQUIPMENT WE NEED TO TAP INTO THE SHIELD MAINFRAME AND GET ALL THE INFORMATION WE WANT.
"CAN IT GET US SANDAHL BERGMAN'S PHONE NUMBER?"
"CLAM UP, JONES."
TAXI
HUFF! HUFF!
IF I'M GOING TO KEEP BEING LATE FOR SPEECHES, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DROP ABOUT TWENTY POUNDS.
OR TWENTY YEARS.
OH, NO!
WHY DOES EVERY BLASTED BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D.C. HAVE THREE MILLION STEPS?
LET ME HELP YOU, GENERAL... BEFORE YOUR NOTES ARE ALL OVER THE CITY.
MUCH OBLIGED. THE WIND CAN BE VERY...
...VICIOUS.
YES, VERY VICIOUS.
IT BLEW THE WRONG WAY FOR ANOTHER OPERATIVE OF MINE, NAMED HALF-LIFE.
LET US HOPE IT BLOWS BETTER FOR YOU, GENERAL. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM CALLED THE LEADER.
AND I WISH TO KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE GAMMA BOMB PROJECT.

AND, IN BOULDER...
SO HOW YOU FEELING TONIGHT, ALEX?
YOU'RE ALWAYS ASKING ME THAT LATELY, DAD HOW COME?
BECAUSE I'M AN OVERPROTECTIVE FATHER WHEN YOU ARE 40 YEARS OLD I'LL BE CALLING YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU WEAR YOUR GALOSHES IF IT RA--
UH-OH, SOMEONE BROKE IN UPSTAIRS.
BEEEP
PROPERTY BRUNOCO
SHOULD WE CALL THE COPS, DAD?
I DOUBT IF IT'S ANYTHING I CAN'T HANDLE, ALEX. YOU STAY PUT
HMMM. DON'T SEE ANYTHING UP HERE.
MAYBE THERE'S A GLITCH IN THE SYSTEM.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

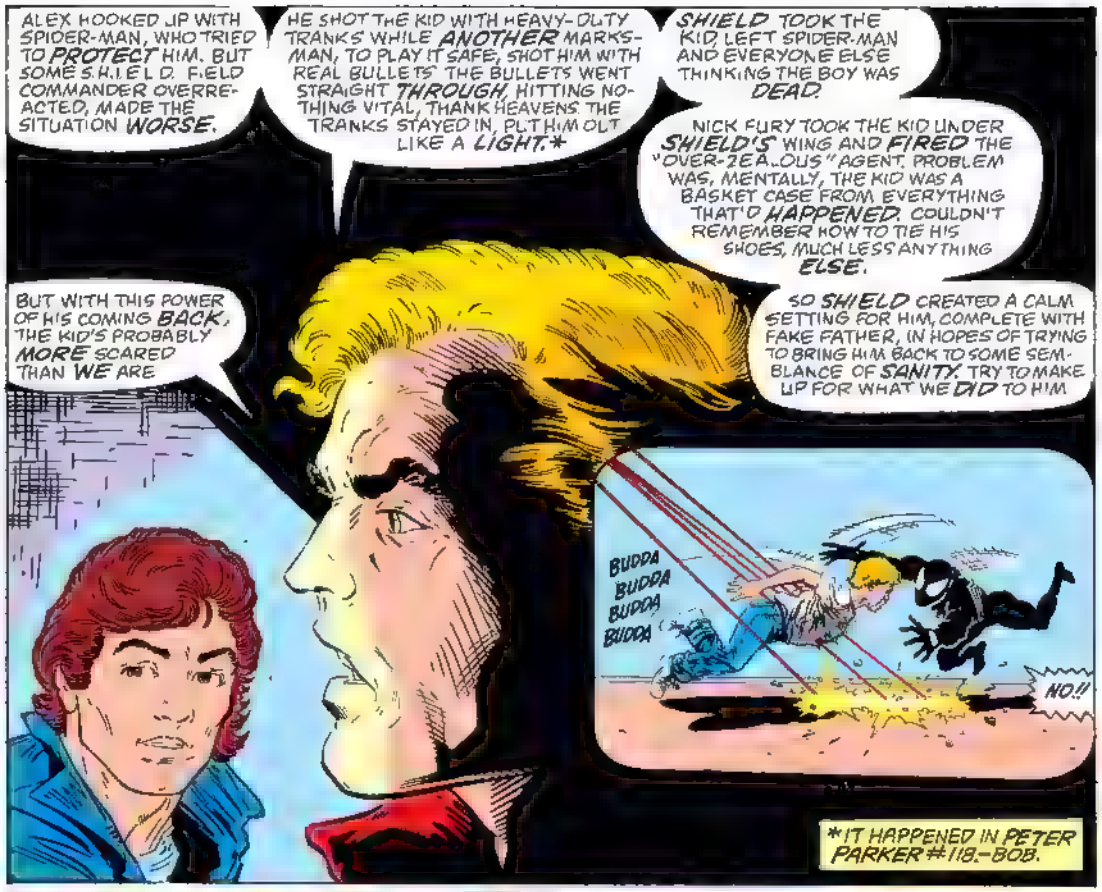
OUCH.
HULK!
HULK! LET GO OF HIS HAND--NOW! YOU COULD'A--
YOUR LECTURES ARE REALLY STARTIN' TO BUG ME, JONES.
YOU THINK YOU'RE MY FATHER OR SOMETHING?
ABSOLUTELY NOT
THEN BUTT OUT!
THEY... THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS, YOU TURNCOAT.
THEY THOUGHT WRONG. WHAT'S YOUR COMPUTER ACCESS CODE?
NO WAY, QUARTERMAIN
TELL ME... OR I'LL HAVE THE HULK ASK YOU.
DAD... DAD, GET BACK DOWN HERE. I'M... I'M SWEATIN' LIKE ANYTHING, AND MY HANDS ARE.
DAD, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M SO SCARED.

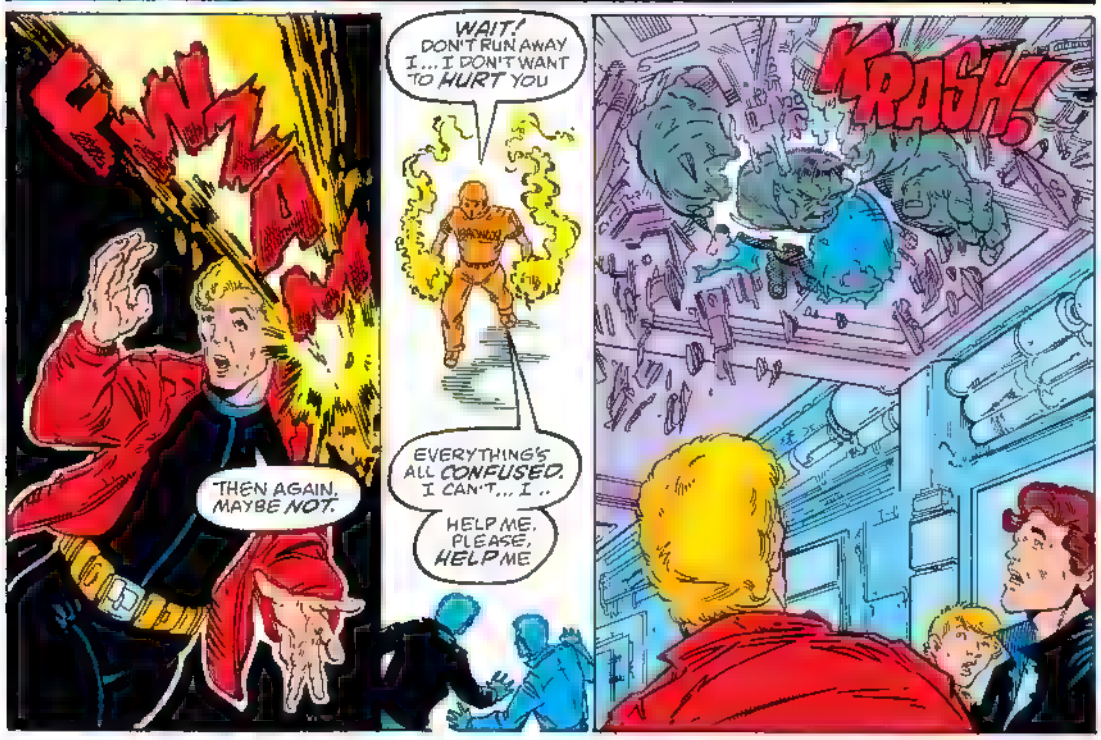

RICK... LET ME TAKE THE LEAD, I KNOW HOW THESE SHIELD SAFE HOUSES ARE LAID OUT.
NO ARGUMENTS HERE.
MOMENTS LATER, HAVING DESCENDED A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO DARKNESS
WOW! I CAN'T GET OVER HOW HUGE THIS PLACE IS UNDERGROUND ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU COMPARE IT TO THE JOINT OVERHEAD.
IT'S SHIELD'S SPECIALTY. THINGS ARE NEVER WHAT THEY APPEAR
IT SHOULD BE JUST AROUND THIS CORNER!
WELL--HERE'S THE MAIN COMPUTER, FOLKS. IT'LL TAKE AWHILE TO ENTER THE FILES SINCE I CAN'T USE MY SHIELD ACCESS CODE.
YEAH--WE DON'T WANT THE BIG GUNS TO KNOW WE'RE HERE.
SHORTLY...
WELL, MR WIZARD? ARE WE IN YET?
I'M WORKING ON IT, HULK. I'M WORKING ON IT
HOLY COW! WHO ARE THOSE GUYS? AND WHAT'S THAT... THAT THING THEY GOTH WITH 'EM?


UH-OH
DAD?
HELP ME
KWZAM
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
SHHH! I'M BUSY SCREWING THIS UP
IT WON'T LET ME IN. IT WON'T TELL ME A THING ABOUT THE GAMMA BOMBS. THE COMPUTER IS RESISTING MY ATTEMPT TO ENTER THAT FILE
WHAT'S WRONG?
WELL, SINCE THIS WON'T BE A TOTAL LOSS, LET'S SEE IF I CAN ACCESS BETTY'S CHARGE CARD RECORDS.
BINGO.
"ACCORDING TO THIS, SHE FLEW OUT OF DENVER AIRPORT TO NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.
WOMAN'S GOING TO LOOK LIKE A PRUNE IF SHE DON'T COME OUTTA THAT SHOWER
LET'S GET MOVING, CLAY, BEFORE MORE S.H.I.E.L.D. GUYS SHOW.
THEY BETTER NOT, OR I'LL GIVE THEM WHAT I GAVE THE GUY UPSTAIRS.

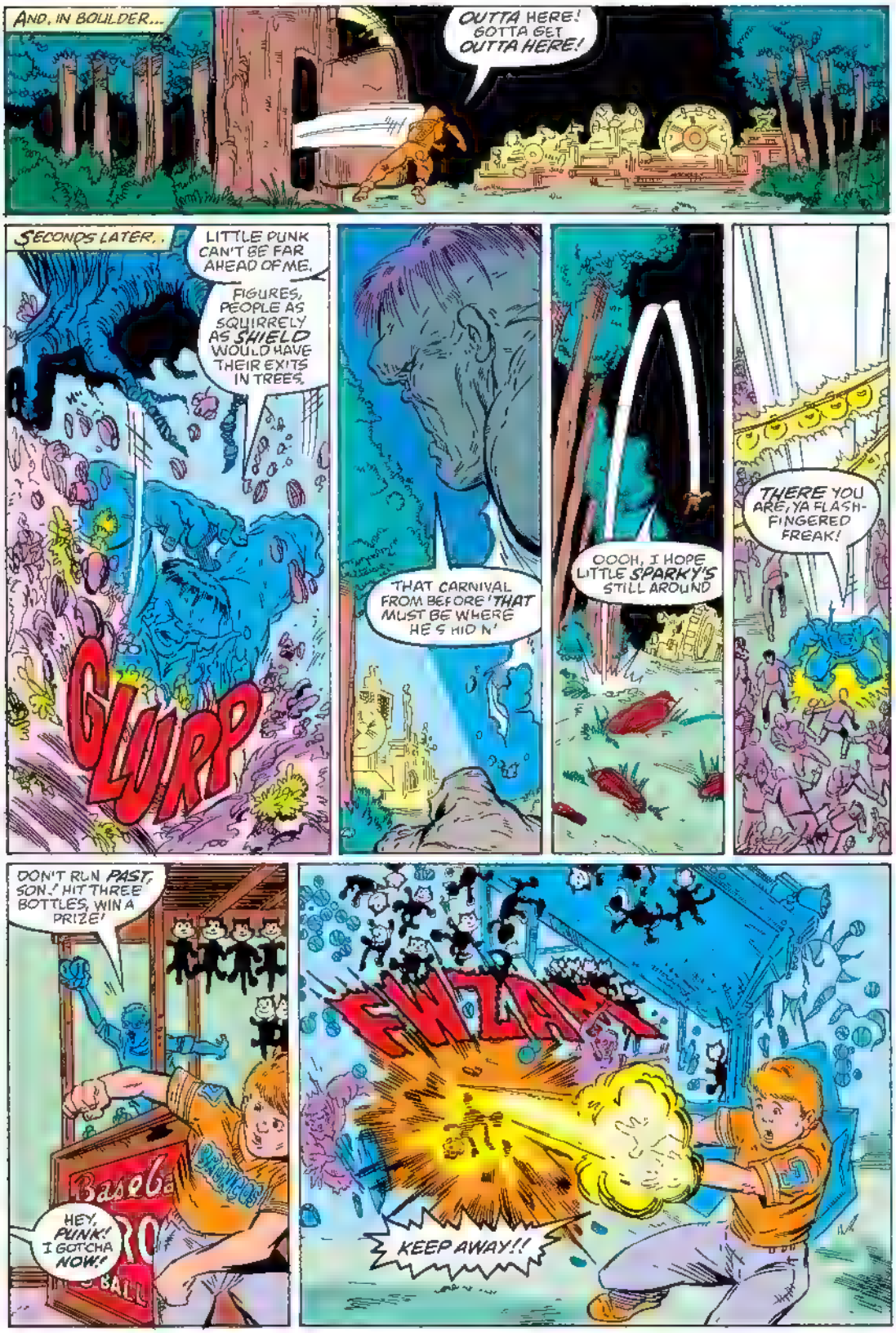
WHAT?!
WHERE'S MY DAD? TAKE ME TO HIM RIGHT NOW!
WELL, WELL, WELL .. SO THAT'S WHERE LITTLE SHIELD AGENTS COME FROM.
HEY, KID, FATHERS AIN'T WORTH CRYIN' ABOUT. I DID YOU A FAVOR, PAL
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM? WHAT DID YOU DO?!
HULK, WATCH IT! HIS HANDS--
FOR THE LAST TIME, JONES, BUTT OUT. HE'S JUST A KID. WHAT COULD HE DO AGAINST--?
KA-ZAM!
AAAAAAAAARRRRRGGK!

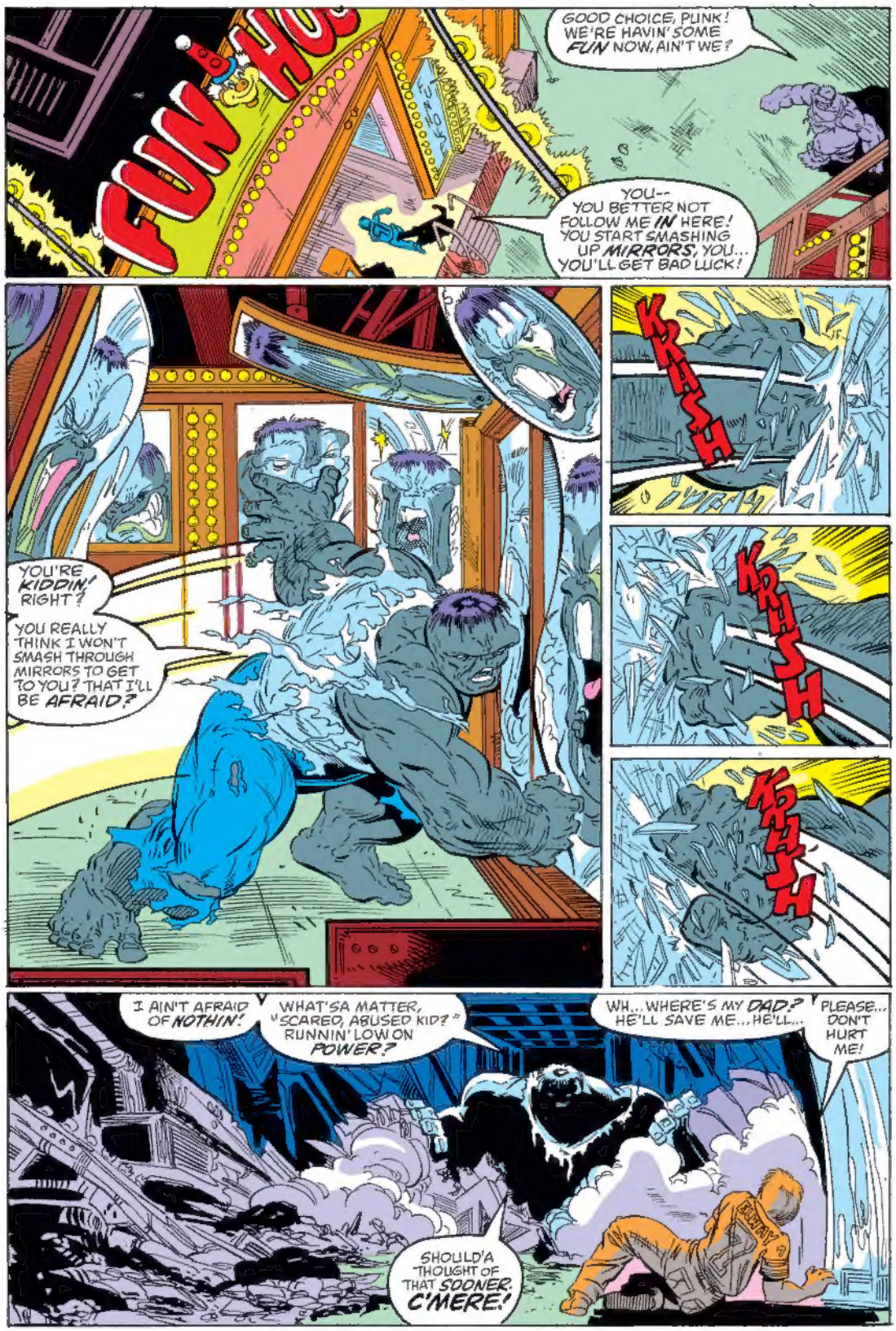
I..I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT
UH..YEAH WELL, WE'LL JUST GO OFF AND FIND THE HULK AND TELL 'IM YOU'RE SORRY
'BYE.
WAIT! COME BACK! BRING ME MY DAD!
HE CAN STOP THIS! WHERE'S MY DAD?!!
COME BACK!!
CLAY! THE HULK WENT THIS WAY!
I SUGGEST WE DO THE SAME!
WAIT UP!
WHO WAS THAT KID, ANYWAY? I FEEL LIKE I'M TRAPPED IN A STEPHEN KING NOVEL.
HIS CODE NAME'S ASH-CAN REAL NAME'S ALEX WOOL-COT. I READ THE FILES WHEN IT HAPPENED A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT DIDN'T REALIZE THEY'D BROUGHT HIM HERE.
WHEN WHAT HAPPENED?
ALEX'S FATHER, HORRIBLY ABUSIVE MAN, BUT A GREAT SCIENTIST CREATED SOME SORT OF INCINERATION RAY..
ALEX HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH IT, ABSORBED ITS PROPERTIES, AND WOUND UP INCINERATING HIS OWN DAD
WHAT?!
SHHH! SHUT UP AND LISTEN!

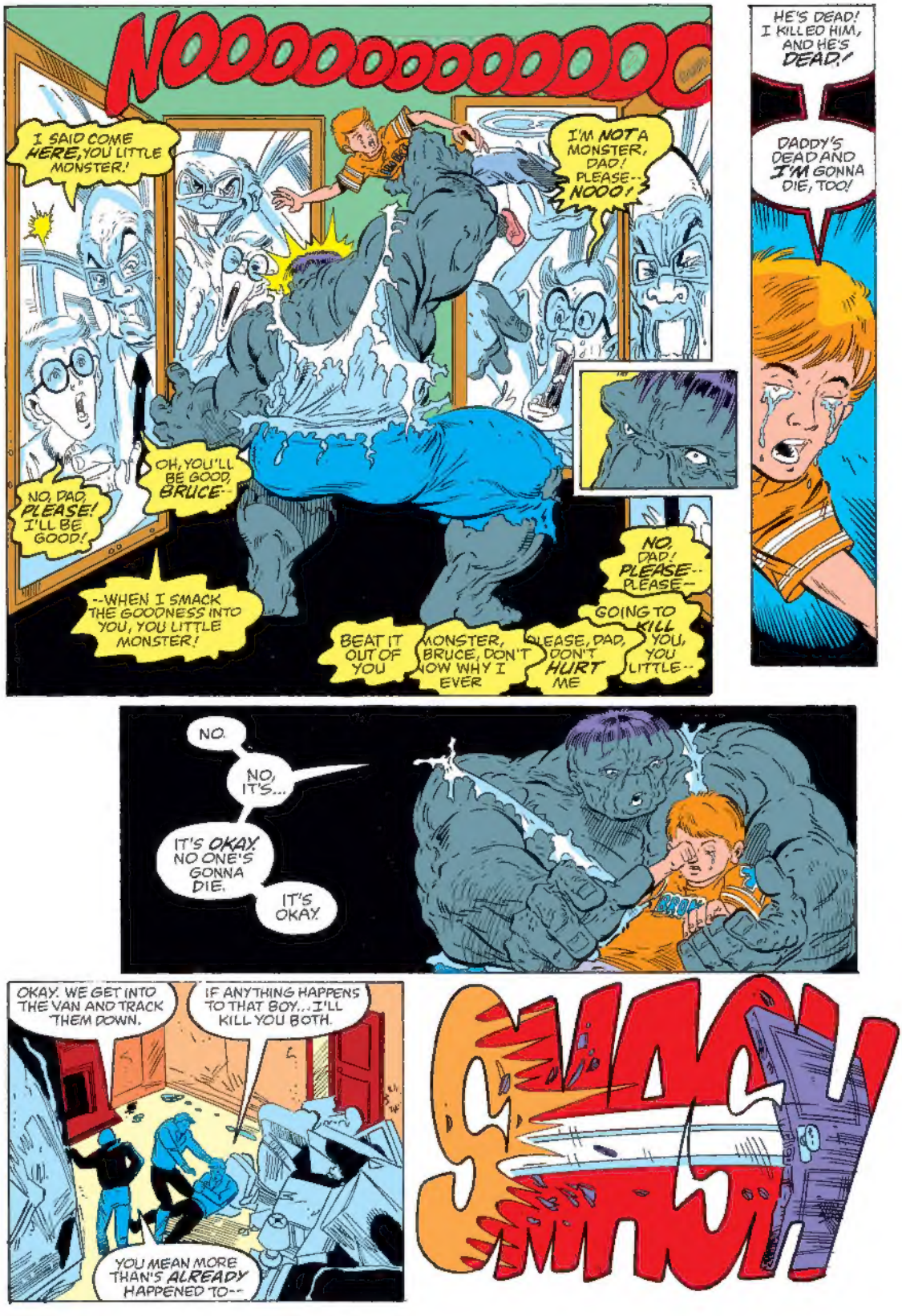

ALEX HOOKED UP WITH SPIDER-MAN, WHO TRIED TO PROTECT HIM. BUT SOME S.H.I.E.L.D. FIELD COMMANDER OVERREACTED, MADE THE SITUATION WORSE.
HE SHOT THE KID WITH HEAVY-DUTY TRANKS WHILE ANOTHER MARKSMAN, TO PLAY IT SAFE, SHOT HIM WITH REAL BULLETS. THE BULLETS WENT STRAIGHT THROUGH, HITTING NOTHING VITAL, THANK HEAVENS. THE TRANKS STAYED IN, PLUS HIM OUT LIKE A LIGHT.*
SHIELD TOOK THE KID, LEFT SPIDER-MAN AND EVERYONE ELSE THINKING THE BOY WAS DEAD.
NICK FURY TOOK THE KID UNDER SHIELD'S WING AND FIRED THE "OVER-ZEALOUS" AGENT. PROBLEM WAS, MENTALLY, THE KID WAS A BASKET CASE FROM EVERYTHING THAT'D HAPPENED. COULDN'T REMEMBER HOW TO TIE HIS SHOES, MUCH LESS ANYTHING ELSE.
BUT WITH THIS POWER OF HIS COMING BACK, THE KID'S PROBABLY MORE SCARED THAN WE ARE.
SO SHIELD CREATED A CALM SETTING FOR HIM, COMPLETE WITH FAKE FATHER, IN HOPES OF TRYING TO BRING HIM BACK TO SOME SEMBLANCE OF SANITY. TRY TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT WE DID TO HIM.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
NO!!
*IT HAPPENED IN PETER PARKER #118.–BOB.

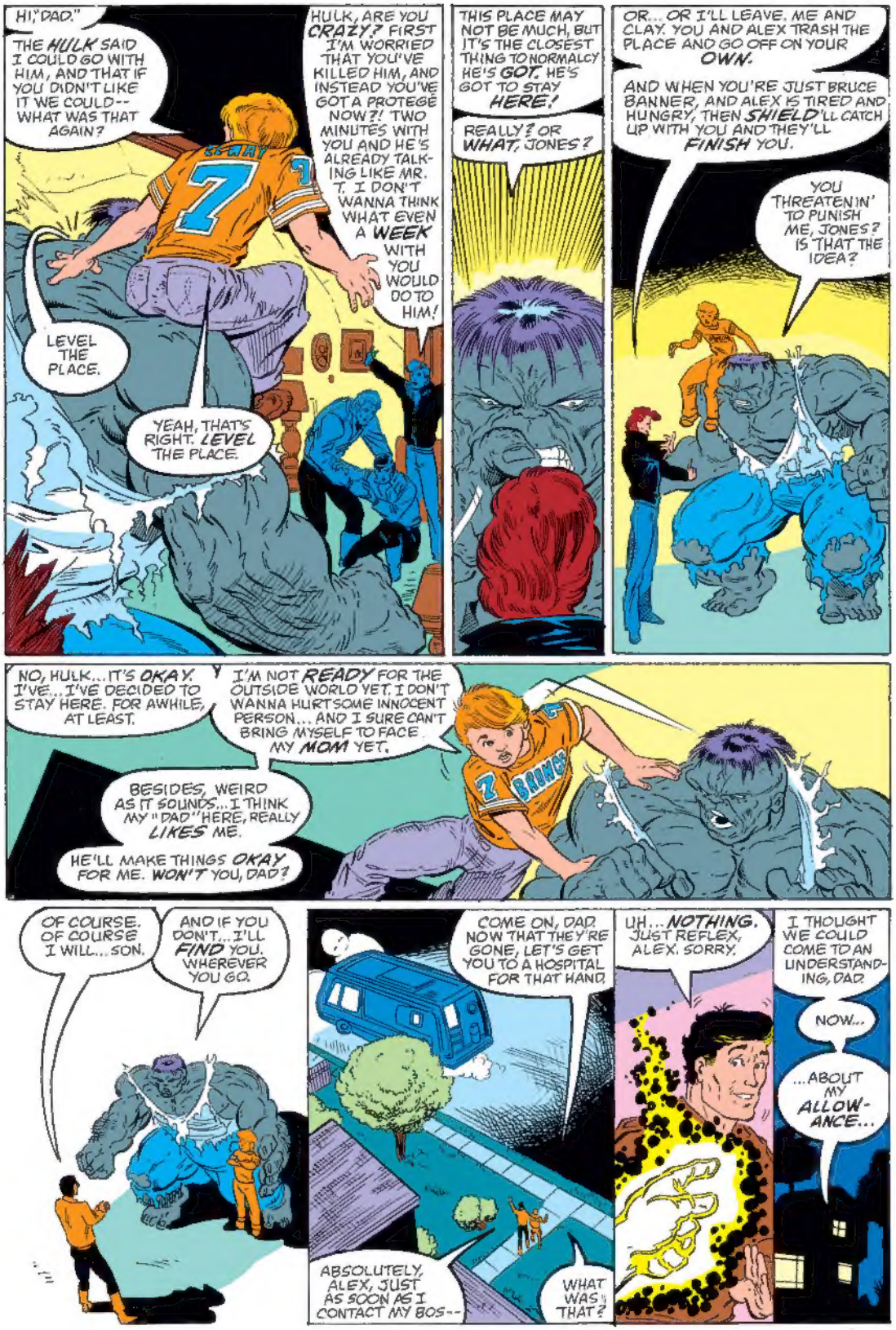

FWZAM
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.
WAIT! DON'T RUN AWAY I... I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU
EVERYTHING'S ALL CONFUSED. I CAN'T... I ..
HELP ME. PLEASE, HELP ME
KRASH!

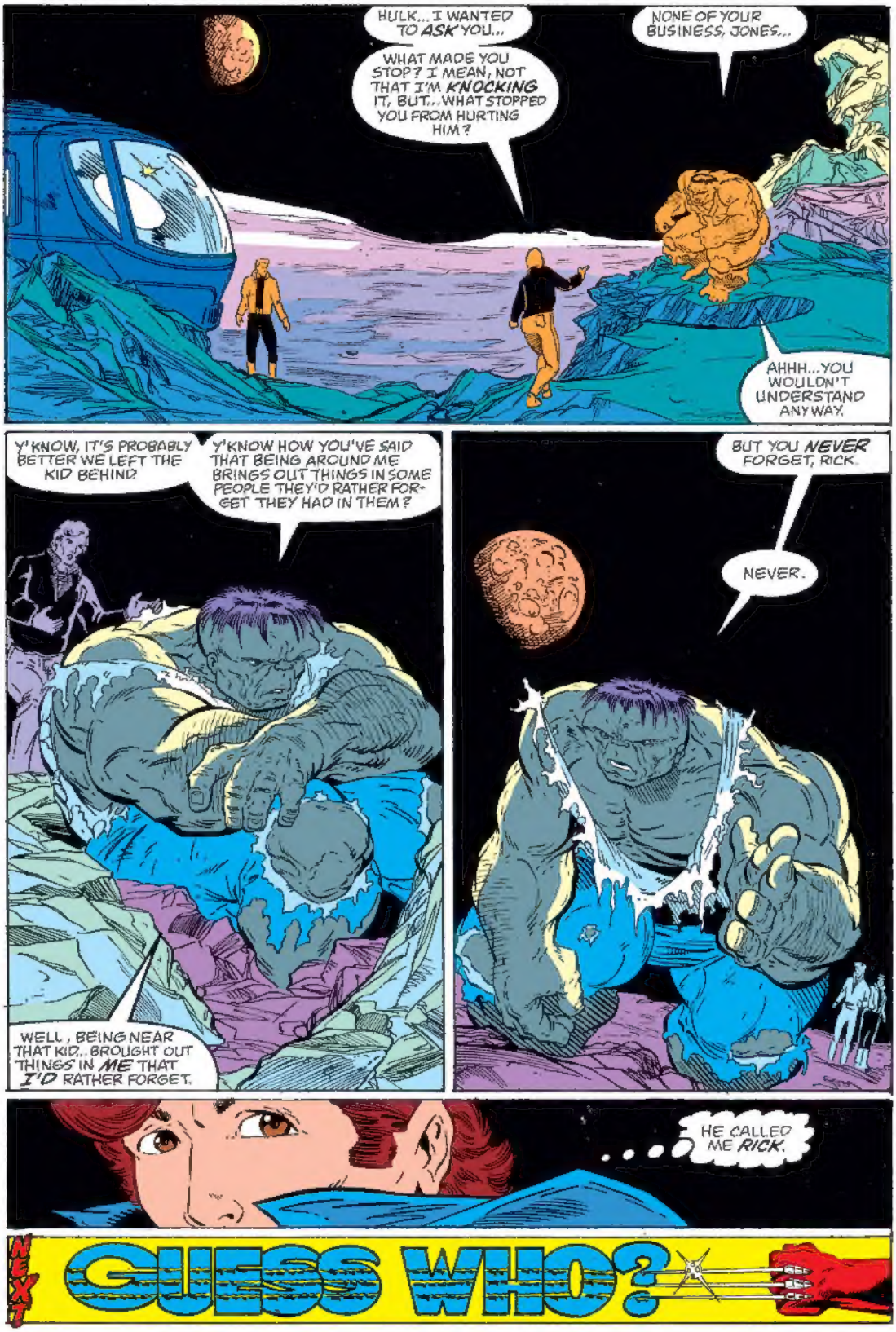
THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM! HOW--?
BRUCE, HOLD IT! DON'T HURT HIM!
CALL ME THAT AGAIN AND I'LL HURT YOU!
HE'S A SCARED, ABUSED KID JUST LIKE YOU--LIKE BRUCE USED TO BE
YEAH, WELL, "BRUCE'S" HEART WOULD BLEED FOR 'IM.
BUT THAT LITTLE PUNK NEARLY FRIED ME, AND NOBODY DOES THAT TO THE HULK.
NOBODY!
HAH! I SEE YA HIDING THERE, YA LITTLE--
FWZAM
WHOA!
THEY WENT AROUND THAT CORNER
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? LIKE--
METAL RIPPING. HULK MUST BE TEARING THE PLACE UP
REMINDING HIM HE'S BRUCE BANNER INSIDE DION'T HELP! DR FREJD
CRUNCH
HEY, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO STARTED--AW, MAN! WE'LL NEVER GET PAST THAT.
THIS WHOLE THING'S BEEN A DISASTER. THE ONLY GOOD THING TO COME OUT OF IT IS WE KNOW WHERE BETTY IS.
BETTY! C'MON, THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE!
NOK!
NOK!
BETTY, I'M COM.N' IN--NOW!
KABLAM
BETTY! WHERE ARE YOU?


AND, IN BOULDER...
OUTTA HERE! GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
SECONDS LATER...
LITTLE PUNK CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD OF ME.
FIGURES, PEOPLE AS SQUIRRELY AS SHIELD WOULD HAVE THEIR EXITS IN TREES.
GLURP
THAT CARNIVAL FROM BEFORE! THAT MUST BE WHERE HE'S HID N'
OOOH, I HOPE LITTLE SPARKY'S STILL AROUND
THERE YOU ARE, YA FLASH-FINGERED FREAK!
DON'T RUN PAST, SON! HIT THREE BOTTLES, WIN A PRIZE!
HEY, PUNK! I GOTCHA NOW!
KWLAM
KEEP AWAY!!


FUN HO
FUN HOUSE
GOOD CHOICE, PUNK! WE'RE HAVIN' SOME FUN NOW, AIN'T WE?
YOU-- YOU BETTER NOT FOLLOW ME IN HERE! YOU START SMASHING UP MIRRORS, YOU... YOU'LL GET BAD LUCK!
YOU'RE KIDDIN', RIGHT?
YOU REALLY THINK I WON'T SMASH THROUGH MIRRORS TO GET TO YOU? THAT I'LL BE AFRAID?
KRASH
KRASH
KRASH
I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN'!
WHAT'SA MATTER, "SCARED, ABUSED KID?" RUNNIN' LOW ON POWER?
SHOULD'A THOUGHT OF THAT SOONER. C'MERE!
WH... WHERE'S MY DAD? HE'LL SAVE ME... HE'LL...
PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME!


NOOOOOOOOOOO
I SAID COME HERE, YOU LITTLE MONSTER!
I'M NOT A MONSTER, DAD! PLEASE-- NOOO!
NO, DAD, PLEASE! I'LL BE GOOD!
OH, YOU'LL BE GOOD, BRUCE--
--WHEN I SMACK THE GOODNESS INTO YOU, YOU LITTLE MONSTER!
BEAT IT OUT OF YOU
MONSTER, BRUCE, DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER
NO, DAD! PLEASE-- PLEASE--
PLEASE, DAD, DON'T HURT ME
GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU LITTLE--
HE'S DEAD! I KILLED HIM, AND HE'S DEAD!
DADDY'S DEAD AND I'M GONNA DIE, TOO!
NO.
NO, IT'S...
IT'S OKAY. NO ONE'S GONNA DIE.
IT'S OKAY.
BROK
OKAY. WE GET INTO THE VAN AND TRACK THEM DOWN.
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT BOY... I'LL KILL YOU BOTH.
YOU MEAN MORE THAN'S ALREADY HAPPENED TO--
SMASH!


HI, "DAD."
THE HULK SAID I COULD GO WITH HIM, AND THAT IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT WE COULD-- WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?
HULK, ARE YOU CRAZY?! FIRST I'M WORRIED THAT YOU'VE KILLED HIM, AND INSTEAD YOU'VE GOT A PROTEGÉ NOW?! TWO MINUTES WITH YOU AND HE'S ALREADY TALKING LIKE MR. T. I DON'T WANNA THINK WHAT EVEN A WEEK WITH YOU WOULD DO TO HIM!
LEVEL THE PLACE.
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. LEVEL THE PLACE.
THIS PLACE MAY NOT BE MUCH, BUT IT'S THE CLOSEST THING TO NORMALCY HE'S GOT. HE'S GOT TO STAY HERE!
REALLY? OR WHAT, JONES?
OR... OR I'LL LEAVE. ME AND CLAY. YOU AND ALEX TRASH THE PLACE AND GO OFF ON YOUR OWN.
AND WHEN YOU'RE JUST BRUCE BANNER, AND ALEX IS TIRED AND HUNGRY, THEN SHIELD'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU AND THEY'LL FINISH YOU.
YOU THREATENIN' TO PUNISH ME, JONES? IS THAT THE IDEA?
NO, HULK... IT'S OKAY. I'VE... I'VE DECIDED TO STAY HERE. FOR AWHILE, AT LEAST.
I'M NOT READY FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD YET. I DON'T WANNA HURT SOME INNOCENT PERSON... AND I SURE CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO FACE MY MOM YET.
BESIDES, WEIRD AS IT SOUNDS... I THINK MY "DAD" HERE, REALLY LIKES ME.
HE'LL MAKE THINGS OKAY FOR ME. WON'T YOU, DAD?
OF COURSE. OF COURSE I WILL... SON.
AND IF YOU DON'T... I'LL FIND YOU. WHEREVER YOU GO.
COME ON, DAD. NOW THAT THEY'RE GONE, LET'S GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL FOR THAT HAND.
ABSOLUTELY, ALEX, JUST AS SOON AS I CONTACT MY BOS--
WHAT WAS THAT?
UH... NOTHING. JUST REFLEX, ALEX. SORRY.
I THOUGHT WE COULD COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING, DAD.
NOW...
...ABOUT MY ALLOWANCE...


HULK... I WANTED TO ASK YOU...
WHAT MADE YOU STOP? I MEAN, NOT THAT I'M KNOCKING IT, BUT... WHAT STOPPED YOU FROM HURTING HIM?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, JONES...
AHHH... YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYWAY.
Y'KNOW, IT'S PROBABLY BETTER WE LEFT THE KID BEHIND
Y'KNOW HOW YOU'VE SAID THAT BEING AROUND ME BRINGS OUT THINGS IN SOME PEOPLE THEY'D RATHER FORGET THEY HAD IN THEM?
WELL, BEING NEAR THAT KID... BROUGHT OUT THINGS IN ME THAT I'D RATHER FORGET.
BUT YOU NEVER FORGET, RICK.
NEVER.
. . . . HE CALLED ME RICK.
NEXT
GUESS WHO?